

411**"My Uncle"**Visit "[My Uncle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A letter came today from the draft board
With trembling hands I read the questionnaire
It asked me lots of things about my mama and papa
Now that ain't what I call exactly fair
So I'm heading for the nearest foreign border
Vancouver may be just my kind of town
'cause they don't need the kind of law and order
That tends to keep a good man underground
A sad old soldier once told me a story
About a battlefield that he was on
He said a man should never fight for glory
He must know what is right and what is wrong
So I'm heading for the nearest foreign border
Vancouver may be just my kind of town
'cause they don't need the kind of law and order
That tends to keep a good man underground, yeah
Now, I don't know how much I owe my uncle
But I suspect it's more than I can pay
He's asking me to sign a three-year contract
I guess I'll catch the first bus out today
So I'm heading for the nearest foreign border
Vancouver may be just my kind of town
'cause they don't need the kind of law and order
That tends to keep a good man underground
That tends to keep a good man underground

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